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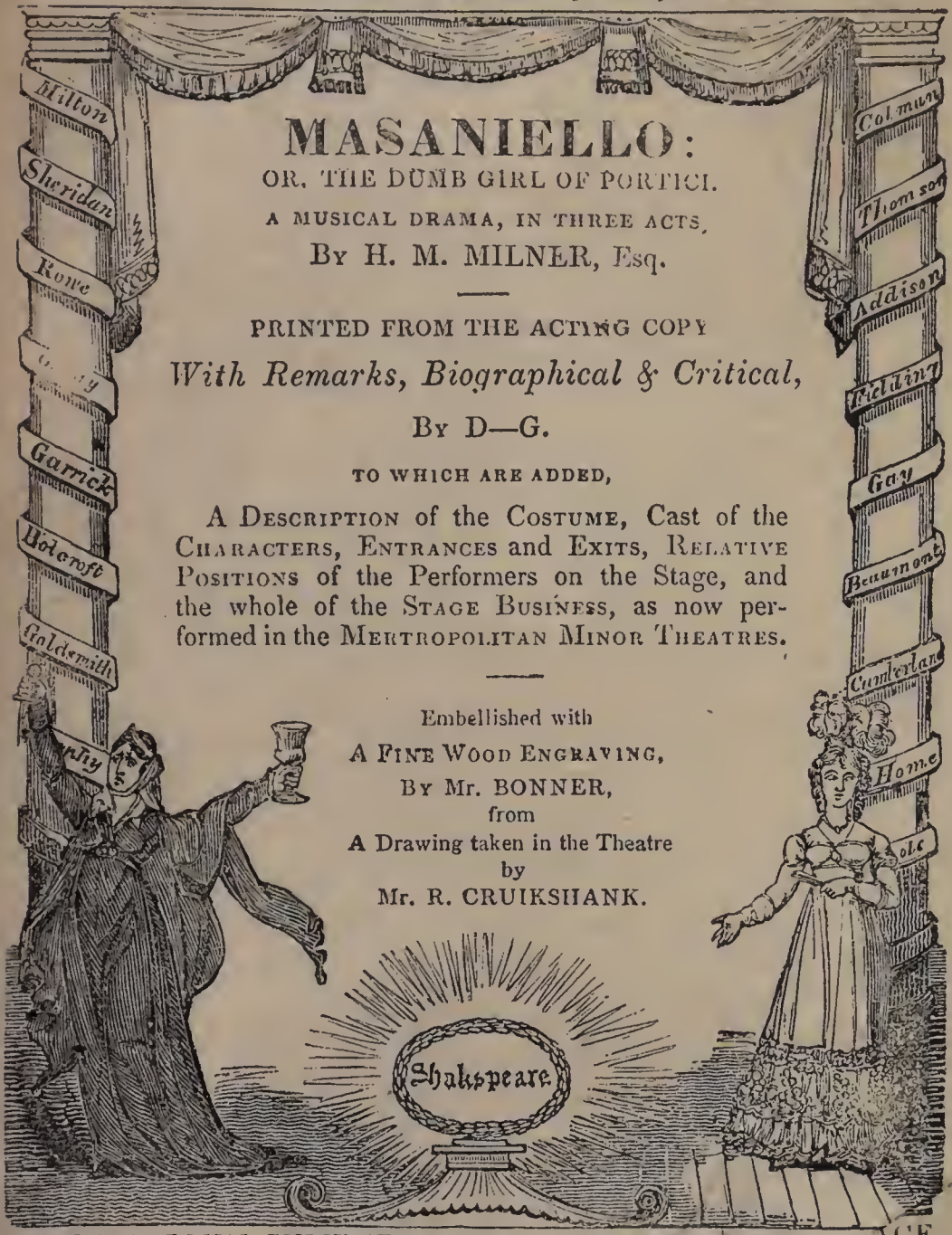

MASANIELLO:

OR, THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI.

A MUSICAL DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

By H. M. MILNER, Esq.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now performed in the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

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from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

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R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

Masaniello.

Masaniello. A stranger here? What would you of the fisherman?

Act II. Scene 5.

'MASANIELLO;

OR, THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI:

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY H. M. MILNER, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

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By Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

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REMARKS.

Masaniello; or the Dumb Girl of Portici.

Among the many improvements that belong to the present age, none claim more regard than those which have taken place in our Minor Theatres. Rope-dancers, and dancing-dogs—fire-eaters, and masticators of ribbons—conjurors of all sorts and sizes, have made room for tragedy, comedy, and farce. Even Bartlemy-Fair has caught the fever of *legitimacy*—Smithfield boasts its *regular* drama; and, should any disciple of the *old school* sigh for *Johnny Gilpin, or the Tailor riding to Brentford*, he must call for 'em—as the *ladies* who prefer *Geneva* are politely reminded by Macheath; though we question (like the spirits invoked by the Devil Glendower), if they would *come* when he did *call*.

How different were the scenes of our youthful days!—

> "When am'rous beaux, and love-inspiring belles,
> With eager steps repair'd to Sadler's Wells;
> Where queer Grimaldi, straining ev'ry limb,
> Display'd his antics, oddity, and whim;
> Or at the Surrey, were half squeez'd to death,
> To see that bloody pantomime, *Macbeth;*
> Or pass'd at Astley's the long sultry night,
> And gap'd with wonder at *The Blood-red Knight.*"

But we mourn not over these joyful reminiscences, though the conjurors may. Thanks to the march of intellect, the fire-eater finds little to devour but his own element; and the strong man can get nothing *between his teeth* but his *table*, even though some dal-dozen mountebanks should dance a reel upon it. Legitimacy, like Falstaff's villanous company, hath been the spoil of 'em—even the learned goose partakes of the general despondency, for he is no longer a wonder—"*Quid opus mihi usumque sciente*," he says, or *seems* to say, "What need have I of so much knowledge?" Every dog has his day, and the *dancing* ones, in particular, have had theirs.

The story of Masaniello has been twice dramatised; first by an anonymous author, who is said to have been an eye-witness of that extraordinary revolution which happened at Naples in 1647; and, secondly, by the celebrated Tom D'Urfey, in his Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Masaniello; though *Tom stole*, or *borrowed*

his piece from the original author. In the present day, it has furnished the subject for a superb *ballet* at the King's Theatre, for a grand opera at Drury Lane, and a gorgeous romance at the Coburg. The two latter, the major and the minor, started on the same night, and bid fair to maintain the race with sufficient spirit and perseverance. The *modern* authors, as usual, have had recourse to the *French*—M. Auber's *La Muette de Portici* is the original of *both* pieces.—To Mr. Kenney, the public are indebted for the opera; to Mr. Milner, for the historical drama. The *major* theatre possesses the same advantage over its rival as Tony Lumpkin's *Bet Bouncer* did over *Miss Neville*—"She'd make *two* of She;" but the *minor* may quote the authority of Dermot O'Doddipoole, "that the *little* beauties are always the *greatest*." As *compositions*, both pieces are perhaps nearly of equal merit. But the fine voice of Braham, the magnificent scenery of Stanfield—among which, the market-place of Naples deserves especial praise—the splendid and truly appropriate costumes, the well-executed choruses, and the excellence of the *corps de ballet*, are fearful odds against the contracted capabilities of a minor theatre. Still the Coburg more than maintains its reputation. Considerable interest is excited respecting Masaniello and Fenella; and Cobham—it is well that we never saw his *Richard*—played the patriotic Fisherman with tremendous emphasis, and tolerably good discretion: his mad scene emitted sparks of genius; and, though somewhat over pompous in his demeanor, he exhibits an agreeable contrast to the abominable awkwardness and shambling gait of many of our minor patriots, lovers, and murderers.

The piece at both theatres concludes with an effective eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and a very *strong* contest in the way of fire and smoke; though, in the *latter* instance, we think, the *major* has it.

☞ D——G.

Costume.

ALFONSO.—Cream-coloured cloth Spanish vest and trunks, trimmed with crimson satin, and embroidered with gold—crimson velvet mantle, embroidered—crimson velvet cap—feathers—white silk leggings—white shoes.

DUKE OF MATALONI.—Splendid Spanish shape-dress, of blue velvet and gold—crimson mantle.

LORENZO.—Green cloth tunic, embroidered with gold—trunks—velvet cap—feathers.

GONZALO.—Spanish vest and breeches, of plum-coloured velvet—green velvet mantle—Spanish hat—black feathers.

MAGISTRATE.—Scarlet cloth close robe, trimmed with ermine.

SPANISH OFFICERS.—Spanish shape-dresses, of various colours—hats—feathers.

MASANIELLO.—*First dress:* Doublet, without sleeves, of dark-blue cloth, fastened round the waist with a black leather belt, showing, partially, a blue-striped shirt—loose breeches, of chocolate-coloured cloth—arms and legs bare—jelly-bag cap, of red cloth—short Neapolitan mantillo, of red cloth. *Second dress:* Superb Spanish shape-dress, vest, trunks, and mantle, of scarlet cloth, trimmed with blue satin, and richly embroidered with silver.

GIUSEPPE, PIETRO, BORELLA, and FISHERMEN.—Similar to Masaniello's first dress, varying only the colour.

GUARDS.—Spanish doublets and breeches, of green cloth, some of red—Spanish hat—helmets.

ELVIRA.—Elegant dress of white satin, richly embroidered with gold.

FENELLA.—Petticoat of blue stuff, with deep black border, relieved by a narrow white stripe at the top—body of black velvet, laced with white—flat Neapolitan head-dress of white, trimmed with black.

LADIES OF THE COURT.—Long-waisted bodies of coloured velvet, trimmed with silver—skirts of white, striped with silver—Spanish head-dresses.

CITIZENS OF NAPLES.—Variously-coloured petticoats and bodies—Neapolitan head-dresses.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Royal Coburg Theatre, May 4, 1829.

Alfonso, Son of the Duke of Arcos, Spanish Viceroy of Naples	Mr. Cooke.
Duke of Mataloni, Grandee of Naples	Mr. Porteus.
Magistrate	Mr. Saunders.
Lorenso, a friend of Alfonso	Mr. Worrell.
Gonzalo, Captain of the Viceroy's Guards	Mr. Elsgood.
Sergeant	Mr. Mortimer.
First Soldier	Mr. Scarebore.
Second Soldier	Mr. F. George.
Masaniello (Tomaso Aniello), a Fisherman of Naples	Mr. Cobham.
Guiseppe Aniello, his Cousin	Mr. Sloman.
Pietro	Mr. E. L. Lewis.
Borella } *Fishermen of Masaniello's Party*	Mr. Williams.
First Citizen	Mr. H. George.
Second Citizen	Mr. Ireland.
Third Citizen	Mr. Herbert.
Elvira, Wife of Alfonso	Mrs. Bailey.
Fenella, Sister of Masaniello	Miss Watson.
Briella, Wife of the Sergeant	Mrs. Weston.

Neapolitan Lords, Ladies, and Peasantry. Fishermen. Spanish Nobles, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; C. D. *Centre Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre.*

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

MASANIELLO;

OR,

THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Corridor, in the Vice-regal Palace at Naples.*

CHORUS.—*Without.*

All the heavenly powers combine
To form life's garland gay:
Love and joy the flowers entwine,
Whilst care flies fast away.

Enter ALFONSO, R., *in the Corridor, during the chorus.*

Alf. [*In the Corridor*, C.] These bursts of mirth, these nymeneal songs, sound but to me as funeral knells; [*Descending the Corridor, and advancing.*] their every tone rings dismal on mine ear, and from my heart the chord of sharp remorse vibrates with agony! Elvira, the young, the powerful, the beautiful, she is mine own; and at the altar's foot demands of heaven no better joy than to become my bride. But, amidst all this panoply of blessedness, a vision flits across, whose chilling influence freezes up each source of joy, and strikes an ice-bolt on my guilt-stained heart. Fenella—fond, trusting victim!—thy beauties, the foul pollution of my touch hath withered; thy happiness, my blighting contact hath for ever blasted. [*Chorus repeated without.*

Enter LORENZO, L.

Lor. How now, my lord? this look of gloom befits but ill the envied bridegroom of Elvira's charms.

Alf. Hush, hush! that sound, Lorenzo.—Speak to me of Fenella—know'st thou of her, her fate, her hiding-place?

Lor. My utmost diligence, my lord, to discover it, has been unavailing.

Alf. Then 'tis the grave, the dark cold grave—such has been the home to which Alfonso's treachery hath conducted her!

Lor. Chase from your lofty soul, my lord, these lingering throbs of an expiring and unworthy passion: the sister of a fisherman, on whose obscure existence the sunshine of your love hath for a moment gleamed,—A nobler object now demands your care—the young, the lovely, and high-born Elvira. What cloud can shadow o'er the brilliant joy of such an union?

Alf. A fell and fatal one—the consciousness that I am not alone unworthy of her love, but do at once, to her and to another, a base injustice!

Lor. Injustice! injustice to Fenella! on whom nature itself had stamped an insurmountable inferiority.

Alf. Lorenzo, that ten thousand-fold enhances my injustice. Nature had deprived her of a noble faculty—the faculty of speech; but, to an honest heart, would not the disadvantages its victim labours under, secure that victim from all injury? The prey was easier: but a noble sportsman would scorn to close within his mesh the bird who blindfold fell into the snare; the high-souled hunter could not aim his dart against the quarry nature had laid resistless at his feet.

Lor. But you have long since freed your breast from every sentiment of partiality for this low-born maid.

Alf. The splendour of Elvira's beauty, indeed, has dazzled all my inward vision; its flood of bright effulgence has filled all my heart, and drowned awhile the gentler feelings of remorse and pity. But now, in this glad day, when all I worshiped must become mine own, the still small voice yet faintly whispers, and memory wafts into mine inmost soul the sighs my treason has extorted from a faithful heart. Dumb though she was, she heard my vows of love—and, oh! how sweetly answered with her eyes; the eloquence that streamed, in liquid fire, from those orbs, surpassed the honeyed'st words that ever breathed from lips which passion's self prompted to utterance. For one whole month, I have not seen nor heard from her.—Her death, too surely——

Lor. Dwell not, my lord, on so depressing a surmise. Your royal father's artifice, be-like, suspecting your untoward preference, has, for a time, secluded from your

eyes the false and dangerous magnet that seduced the needle of your warm affections from its true polar-point. That inflexible, remorseless rigour that goads the subject Neapolitans to rebellion's verge, will spare not a son's minion, nor the son's self, that crosses his determination.

Alf. I must, I must repress this swelling agitation; the solemn peal that has commenced the rite of fair Elvira's nuptials calls me to the altar; but, ah! I fear that the benediction the priest will there pronounce heaven's justice will convert to curses on the perjurer.

[*A strain on the organ is heard.—Exit Alfonso in great agitation, followed by Lorenzo,* L.

SCENE II.—*A Terrace of the Castle of St. Elmo, in the foreground—over the balustrade, a bird's-eye View of the City of Naples.—The entrance to the Viceroy's Chapel,* R. S. E.

Enter ELVIRA, R., *over the platform, conducted by an escort with banners, and attended by young Females in bridal apparel.—They descend the platform,* C.—*the Procession range,* R. *and* L.—*Elvira sits,* L.—*During the nuptial dance, a tumult heard without.*

Enter FENELLA, *over the Platform—she rushes forward in alarm and agitation, pursued by Gonzalo and Guards,* L. U. E.

Elv. [*Rising.*] What means this interruption—this distracted female?

Fenella throws herself at the feet of the princess.

Elv. Why clasp you thus my knees? Speak, and declare your wishes.

Fenella expresses by signs that she cannot speak, but implores protection from the pursuit of Gonzalo.

Elv. You ask protection, and you shall have it: on such a day as this, when, at the altar's foot, I ask of heaven to bless my vows with happiness, can I refuse to extend to the unfortunate the protection I implore for myself.—Who is this woman, Captain?

Gon. The sister of a fisherman; who, by the viceroy's order, has, for the last month, been detained in prison. This morning, however, she had well nigh succeeded in eluding our vigilance.

Elv. Are you acquainted with the nature of the crime that calls for the viceroy's severity?

Fenella, at the name of crime, emphatically conveys that she is guilty of none, to which she calls heaven to witness.

Elv. Know you her history—what thus disturbs and agitates her?

Fenella expresses that love is the cause of her misfortune.

Elv. Alas, unhappy being! I understand that love is the source of your afflictions; who, then, is your betrayer?

Fenella conveys that she does not know him; that he swore fidelity to her, and pressed her to his heart; that he gave her the scarf she wears.

Elv. That scarf is your lover's gift? But who placed you in confinement?

Fenella indicates Gonzalo—that he seized on her in spite of her prayers and tears; she imitates the action of turning locks, and explains that she has been confined in a dungeon, where she remained absorbed in grief, till the idea of effecting her escape suddenly flashed on her; that then, by means of forming cords of her bedclothes, she descended from her window to the earth; thanked heaven for her deliverance; but, being challenged by the sentinel, made a precipitate retreat, and, hearing the noise of pursuit, threw herself upon the protection of the princess.

Elv. What grace, what eloquence, in her speechless appeal. Dry up your tears, fair sufferer: my noble husband, by whom the cry of the unhappy was never yet neglected, shall shelter you from every foe.

Fenella expresses her gratitude.

Enter LORENZO, *from the Chapel,* R. S. E.

Lor. Within the sacred walls, most gracious princess, our noble lord awaits your longed-for coming.

[*Exit Elvira into the chapel, conducted by Lorenzo, and followed by her escort—Gonzalo places a guard at the entrance of the chapel.*

CHORUS.—*Within the chapel.*

Heavenly powers, so benignly
To thy suppliants condescending,
On their union smile divinely,
Thy most sacred sanction lending,
Thy eternal blessings shedding.
Joy and peace speak to each heart,—
Thy defending mantle spreading,
Bid each threatening care depart.

Fenella kneels, C., *and seems mentally to join in the supplication; then rising, to gain a look into the chapel, she is forcibly struck by something she beholds there, and appears to doubt the*

evidence of her senses; then recovering herself, she endeavours to force her way into the chapel, but is prevented by the guards.

Gon. Hence, maniac, hence, or dread, lest the dungeon from which you have so lately escaped again close its doors on you; and, if it do, be sure I'll take care you effect no second escape by the window.

Fenella entreats them to let her pass; she explains that her peace, that her life is at stake; she is driven to despair at not being able to express in words the feelings that so strongly agitate her.

Gon. Begone, woman, begone, nor dare defy the vengeance that may fall terribly on you.

Fenella renews her supplications; she indicates that it is herself who should be the bride, and that she is determined to prevent the profanation of the temple by a sacrilegious perjury.

Re-enter the Procession from the Chapel, ALFONSO *conducting* ELVIRA, *accompanied by all the Lords of the Court.*

Elv. (C.) I would wish to signalize the commencement of this happy day by an act of beneficence; here is an unfortunate, whose sorrows claim your kindest protection. [*She approaches Fenella, and conducts her towards Alfonso.*] Her misery is caused by a perfidious lover, and she would now claim your protection against a cruel betrayer, against an impious perjurer.

Alf. (R. C.) [*Turning towards Fenella, and catching her eye, is struck with horror.*] Eternal heaven! it is she!

[*Conceals his face.*

Elv. My lord, you seem struck with horror: this agitation alarms me; can it be pity? No, pity's influence is gentler far; it steals over the soul with soft, though sad emotion, and its deepest feelings but unlock the fount of tears. Or is it just and powerful indignation against the traitor, that thus shakes your soul with passion?

Alf. Spare me! spare me! Heaven! thy fiercest bolt of vengeance, though to the earth's deep centre it impelled me, were mercy to this thrill of agony.

Elv. What means this mystery? If you, sir, will not deign to answer me, to yon poor victim I must now appeal, to satisfy the torturing doubts that flash into my heart. Know you the Prince Alfonso?

Fenella by gesture indicates, "*Alas! too well!*"

Alf. Does not this moment expiate my crime?

Elv. Proceed, proceed, my lord; complete the work of misery you have begun within my soul.

Fenella continues to explain by signs that it was the prince who gave her the scarf, the prince who deceived her.

Elv. Woman, thou liest! thou wouldst slander him, whose pure soul falsehood nor cruelty ever yet hath stained.

Fenella appeals to heaven to confirm the truth of her accusation.

[*Elvira, seizing the arm of Alfonso, leads him towards Fenella, points out to him her impassioned gesture, and challenges him to refute it.*

Alf. The heaven she calls on knows her tale is true; Alfonso is a traitor and a perjurer.

Gon. Perish the daring wretch who thus would cast a cloud over our prince's joy. [*He and the guards assume a threatening gesture towards Fenella, who flies; they are pursuing her, when the princess bars the passage.*

Elv. Down with your base unmanly weapons! You who war on women, first strike your recreant blows at me! [*She stands in a commanding attitude, and keeps the soldiers in check—Alfonso is overwhelmed by shame, and the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A Landscape near the outskirts of Naples.*

Enter GIUSEPPE ANIELLO, L.

Giu. Oh dear! oh dear! here's a set-out, here's a job of journeywork, here's a kettle of fish! I can't find her high nor low, pretty, tender, interesting, delicate creature! and I've searched all the fish-markets, liquor-shops, and maccaroni-stalls in Naples; poor dear little cousin Fenella, that I hoped one day to make my own wife! Many people in our parts thought meanly of her because she was dumb, poor soul; for my part, I considered it no trifling recommendation; she said nothing, but then she thought the more. Ladies that think much and speak little, are none so common now-a-days, (never were that I heard of); and then, how dare I face her brother Tomaso, and tell him I have not found her. He was always gloomy, sullen, and growling enough; since his sister's flight he has manifested very considerable symptoms of going mad; and, when he finds that a whole fortnight has been spent in a fruitless search, he'll go suddenly stark staring, and I shall be the first person he'll bite in his fit. Of all the troubles to which we

poor hapless mortals are hourly exposed, the worst are those which are brought on us by those angelic little devils we can't do without.

[*Song introduced.—Exit Giuseppe.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Sea-View near Naples—an elevated Rock,* R.—*A large fishing-smack in the back—several smaller boats lying close in shore.*

A numerous group of Fishermen, their Wives and Children, discovered landing their cargoes, mending their nets, &c. MASANIELLO *standing apart from them in deep thought.*

CHORUS.

The sun's bright rays again invite
The fisher to renew his toils;
Whilst in his flood of golden light,
The cheerful face of nature smiles.
To labour let us gayly haste,
And snare the finny throng;
And, whilst the anxious net we cast,
Encourage hope by song.

Pie. (L.) Why wears our comrade Aniello's countenance that solemn gloom?

Bor. Can you ask it? Is he not, like ourselves, a slave?

Mas. [*Aside.*] My cousin Guiseppe has not yet returned.

Pie. Come, rouse thee, Masaniello, and let thy tuneful voice, as formerly, enliven our labours with a song.

Tom. The voice of mirth hath long been hushed in me; a people's wrongs weigh heavily on my heart; but, if you would have minstrelsy, let Giacomo sing you our favourite barcarole. No true fisher could refuse to sing it you, and do you heed well its meaning.

SONG—GIACOMO, AND CHORUS—"*The Barcarole.*"

The waves are brightly, lightly dancing,—
Your little barks now launch to sea;
To various winds your safety chancing,
Nor doubt lest fortune smile on thee.

In silence, now, your wide nets throwing,
No sound scares the deep;
Its plenteous treasures quick bestowing—
Still silence keep;
Till finny stores your boats o'erflowing,
Shine, heap on heap.

Chorus. In silence now, &c.

Mas. But see, Giuseppe comes. What tidings brings he to this afflicted heart?

Enter GIUSEPPE, L.—*Masaniello leads him forward, whilst the Fishermen pursue their occupation.*

Mas. Speak, tell me of my sister—none here is acquainted with my misery ; I have entrusted that sad tale to thee alone, Giuseppe. Have you discovered her retreat? have you any tidings of her fate ?

Giu. None : I don't think there's a square, street, lane, court, or blind alley, in all Naples, that I have not searched for her.

Mas. I see it all—some base seducer, some foreigner, some Spaniard—one of our masters, who thinks, perhaps, a Neapolitan fisher is most honoured, that his sister should minister to the pleasure of a lord of the soil—what signifies his agony, his degradation? Is he not a slave? and, though he refuse to kiss the lash, he still must bear it. There is one noble consolation yet.

Giu. What mean you?

Mas. Vengeance! the worm that is so scornfully trod under foot, perchance, may turn and sting—ay, to the heart's core, his proud oppressor.

Bor. [*Advancing.*] Masaniello, what muse you on so deeply?

Mas. On my wrongs.

Bor. Methinks that's sorry entertainment.

Mas. There is a gilded foliage round the pill that makes its nausea palatable.

Bor. What's that?

Mas. To think I may avenge them.

Bor. Avenge! are not we proper fellows to amuse ourselves with a dream of vengeance! would not the bare idea on't excite derisive smiles in our persecutors?

Mas. Their smiles shall change to tears ere I have done with them.

Bor. Into what ruin, Aniello, would you madly plunge?

Mas. Is any ruin worse than to exist a slave? Is death, think'st thou, more terrible?

Bor. I fear it not.

Mas. Thou'dst brave it, then, if in the cause of freedom?

Bor. Would meet it gladly ; with Masaniello, I would die for Naples.

Mas. With Masaniello thou shalt see its glory. [*Turning suddenly, he perceives Fenella on the rock,* R., *gazing*

wildly at the sea, as if about to plunge into it] Eternal heaven! 'tis my sister! 'tis Fenella!

Fenella hastily turns round and beholds her brother—she descends the rock, and rushes into his arms.

Mas. Again, again, I press thee to my bosom! Say, little truant, what has so long separated thee from this thy home—from thy brother's heart?

Fenella conveys that her explanation must be confined to himself—Borella retires up and joins the Fishermen.

Mas. We are alone, sweet girl; thy story, now.

Fenella expresses great mental agony, and that it was her intention to bury her woes in the ocean.

Mas. Attempt thy life! eternal heaven!

Fenella indicates that the wish of first receiving his forgiveness has alone restrained her.

Mas. My forgiveness, thou poor lamb! What wrong couldst thou inflict on me that asks for pardon? Alas! I fear thou art the sufferer, and not the doer of ill.

Fenella intimates that she is unworthy of his tenderness, that she has dishonoured him, and has bestowed herself upon a traitor.

Mas. I understand thee: thy innocence has been beguiled, thou art betrayed. But thou hast still a friend, an avenger, in thy brother; let the seducer tremble: the tender yearnling of the flock has been his prey, but he shall find the lamb was the fond pet of a fierce lion.

Fenella assures him that he had sworn to become her husband.

Mas. Oaths and adjurations of high heaven! wretches who know of heaven only to abuse its awful name! He was a Spaniard, doubtless?

Fenella signifies the affirmative, but that she will not reveal his name; she indicates that she still loves him, but that his rank is too exalted for her to aspire to an union.

Mas. His rank! the grovelling reptile! he shall be proud to do thee justice.

Fenella expresses that the hope is vain—he has already become the husband of another.

Mas. The crime is then completed, and revenge alone remains for my Fenella's wrongs—now is the time, it must be no more delayed—arouse ye, comrades!

[*The Fishermen come down.*

Fenella clings to Masaniello, as if with the view of keeping him from his purpose.

Mas. (c.) How long, how long, my friends, will you crouch and cower beneath your tyrants' rods? How long be content to eat the bitter bread of toilsome drud-

gery, moistened by the tears of half-fed children? Here is the produce of your honest toil: ere you can turn it into bread, one-half is seized, to feed the luxury of the foreign herd that batten on our land, and, locust-like, consume its fruits.

Bor. (L. C.) 'Tis true; and yet we bear it.

Mas. Ye bear it, and have borne it: but the period of endurance has arrived, and you shall bear no longer. Here am I, a poor bare-footed fisherman, and I promise you, this very day, to free you from all taxes and gabels your foreign tyrants now extort from you, to enlarge you from the Spanish yoke—ay, to annihilate, in recovered Naples, the very name of Spaniard.

Bor. And how shall this be done? How can this trembling herd resist the oppressor's power? Their feeble struggles shall but furnish him an excuse to revel in a vast libation of their blood.

Mas. Feeble struggles! go to, Borella. I tell thee, friend, there never was yet a tyrant so firmly seated on his throne of power, however surrounded by unnumbered myrmidons, but that a people's strength could hurl him down, a people's voice dissolve the spell, and make his firmest edicts air. Friends, are you resolved on freedom?

All. We are! we are!

Mas. And, if ye yet need urging to one noble effort (one effort must effect it), behold these helpless innocents, [*Pointing to the Children.*] who look to you for succour and protection—is it not your duty to support them? Is it not your duty, when the tyrant snatches from their famishing mouths the hard-gained morsel that their hunger asks? Is't not your duty to step in between, and fell to earth the monster who would laugh and glory in their sufferings?

All. We will have freedom! we will protect our offspring!

Bor. Bethink you, Aniello, to what you urge them; unarmed—defenceless—

Mas. That has been thought for, good Borella. Comrades, assist me to unload my vessel; the cargo you shall share amongst yourselves.

[*They go on board the larger vessel—it is found to contain arms of various descriptions, which, under Masaniello's direction, are distributed to all, and eagerly received—Fenella observes their proceedings with alarm and horror—*

the Women and Children examine the arms with wonder and delight—a drum is heard at a distance.

Pie. [*Looking out,* L.] A strong party of the viceroy's guard is hastening this way. What's to be done?

Mas. Be not alarmed: conceal the arms as best you may. Let us resume our wonted employment, and, to disarm suspicion, chant our favourite barcarole.

[*They hastily conceal the small arms under their clothes and in their baskets—they pile the muskets,* C., *throw cloaks and nets over them, and group the Women and Children round, so as to conceal them—Fenella takes a very active part—she displays much ingenuity, and becomes the most conspicuous feature when the picturesque grouping is completed.*

CHORUS.—"*The Barcarole.*"

The fisher's song, whilst gayly singing,
No thought of evil rovers near,
His labour sweet content still bringing,
He hears the storm without a care.

Enter the Viceroy's Guard, L., *which marches through the groups without detecting any thing—the anxiety of the people, as grouped, forms the picture—the Guard marches off,* R., *and the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle of St. Elmo.*

Enter ELVIRA, *in anger, followed by* ALFONSO, L.

Alf. (L. C.) In vain, dear Elvira, would you shun me; our destinies are inseparable.

Elv. (C.) Add not to other insults, sir, that of attempting to restrain my liberty.

Alf. Have you not voluntarily committed it to my control? At least, to the proud name with which you have honoured me, accord the compliment of a hearing.

Elv. And wherefore? I have been insulted and betrayed: you have struck the poisoned dagger to my heart, and now feel a cruel joy in contemplating the torments of your victim.

Alf. Could you feel the injustice of your reproaches could you know the agony that swells to bursting th

distracted heart—I should meet more of your pity than your blame, Elvira.

Elv. You have it, sir: that man is surely worthy of our pity, who can descend from a lofty station to the level of dishonour—who can stoop to trample on a trusting woman's confidence! You will hear no reproach from me, sir: all I wish, is, to quit you, and to free you for ever from the apprehension of it.

Alf. Elvira, would you drive me to despair? A horror to myself, the curse of all who love me! The grave is my only refuge from such an accumulation of woe.

Elv. I accuse, sir, only myself: I am reduced to blush for the object of my misplaced attachment; and the only measure, consistent with my dignity, is flight.

Alf. Of whatever wrongs I may have been guilty, at least, Elvira, they have not been towards you.

Elv. Your conduct has broken the bond of our union.

Alf. Elvira, in the sight of man and heaven, I am your husband; attempt not to dissolve an union so sacred.—As a husband, I command your presence; as a lover, I implore you to listen to me; as one who has erred, I entreat your pardon.

Elv. Alfonso, you know your power over my heart; why abuse it to prolong my sufferings?

Alf. I swear, that every hour of my life, every energy of my existence, shall be devoted to your happiness.

Elv. But that unfortunate who now should occupy my envied station?

Alf. Every care shall be taken to atone the wrongs she has suffered.

Elv. For a betrayed woman's love, there is no expiation: if she has truly loved, her sorrow can end but with her life. I will be her protectress—I am the cause of her misfortunes; I cannot repair, but I will endeavour to alleviate, them.

Alf. How doubly does this nobleness of soul endear thee to me. [*Calls.*] Gonzalo!

Enter GONZALO, L.

Alf. Seek out the fair one who so lately was your prisoner: conduct her to the presence of the princess. [*Gonzalo bows, and exit,* L.] If anything can give a brighter splendour to the radiance that shines from virtuous woman's brow, it is the soul-enchanting gleam of mercy and compassion. [*Exeunt,* L.

SCENE II.—*The Great Market-Place of Naples.*

Enter Groups of Peasants, of both sexes, carrying baskets of provisions, R. *and* L.—*fruit, flowers, vegetables, and fish, agreeably displayed.*

Enter FENELLA, *with her Companions—she appears thoughtful and abstracted, and at intervals looks anxiously round for her brother,* L.

CHORUS.

Bounteous nature's lavish hand
Here displays, at your command,
All her richest, choicest stores—
Here her bright abundance pours;
Till'd and cull'd with toilsome care,
Here we show our various ware;
Confident you'll cheerful grant
All our humble needs can want.

Enter GONZALO *and Guards,* L. U. E.—*Fenella recognises Gonzalo, and in terror conceals her face within her hands.*

Gon. [*Traversing the market, and coming near Fenella.*] I cannot be mistaken—'tis herself! Seize her, soldiers, and follow me.

Fenella, greatly alarmed, rushes into the midst of her companions, and by gestures implores them to protect her.

Gon. Bring her along, I command you, and without delay.

[*Fenella endeavours to avoid them—the Soldiers seize her, and the Mob timidly shrink back.*

Enter MASANIELLO, BORELLA, *and* PIETRO, L.

Mas. Who dares to lay his hand on a free citizen of Naples?

Gon. Silence, churl! nor dare dispute the orders of your master.

Mas. That female is my sister.

Gon. (C.) Were she thy wife, I heed not—I obey the orders of my superiors; do thou the like.

Mas. (R. C.) I own no man my superior, who can be guilty of cruelty or injustice: I spurn beneath my feet the miscreant that would use violence to a woman.

Gon. Tush with thy prating. [*Trying to advance.*] And no more bar my passage, or thou mayst feel the wrath thou dar'st defy.

Mas. I stand here, the protector of innocence and help-

lessness, against lawless brutality; and I will defend her with my life. [*Draws his poniard.*

Gon. The rebel dares to show resistance! strike him down, some of you! strike him down, I say!

Mas. You hear him, comrades? strike him down! Our wives, our sisters, are to be torn shrieking from our arms, to the fell pollution of these foreign ravishers! Strike him down! reptile! we have been smitten down too long—'tis now our turn to strike; and thou shalt feel, poor hired myrmidon, that all thy power withers into impotence before the awful arm of struggling freedom. Now, comrades, for liberty and Naples!

[*The Soldiers surround Masaniello, and threaten the People, who, suddenly producing their weapons, quickly overpower them—Masaniello is rescued and placed upon a pedestal—Fenella, kneeling at the foot of it, seems to supplicate heaven for his safety.*

Mas. This, comrades—this is the day, the hour, I promised you: the barefoot fisherman has kept his word—the time of vengeance has arrived—now let it do its work.

[*The People, with torches and shouting, rush in,* R. *and* L.—*Masaniello is about to head one of the parties, but is withheld by his Sister, who impressively seems to conjure him to moderation and compassion, as the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A Street in Naples.*

Enter GIUSEPPE ANIELLO, *somewhat intoxicated, and several Citizens,* L.

Giu. Here's success to Masaniello, and down with the Spaniards!

First Cit. Ah! they are down, and it's our fault if we don't keep them down.

Giu. I'll have Spaniards to clean my shoes, Spaniards to cook my macaroni, and to shake the ashes out of my pipe when I smoke; I'll make Spaniards gut the fish I catch—but I've forgot—the cousin of a great man must not catch fish; though, with most of your great politicians, I believe, it's all fish that comes to the net.

Second Cit. Yes; and, when they catch flat fish, they generally contrive to make the most of them.

Third Cit. Ay, ay; your great politicians are a kind of land-sharks, that make nothing of devouring us small fry wholesale.

Giu. Come, that's pretty well of you; but don't make

so free with your jokes in the presence of great men. I'm a great man, now—at least, I'm cousin to a great man, that's much the same thing; I shall become a great politician! Oh, that rascally Spaniard! that presumed to introduce his toe to a familiar acquaintance with my unmentionables; if I ever lay my claw on him—I thought I caught a glimpse of him a little while ago, but there were two of the dogs so much alike, I didn't know which was the man.

First Cit. He's drank till he sees double. Why, the shortest way, Giuseppe, would have been to hang both.

Giu. Right, you're very right; I thank you for the hint, friend. You're a clever fellow, and fit for state-affairs; I shall make something of you—what post in the state would suit your genius?

First Cit. Oh, I should like some very exalted station——

Giu. Then, I think, from the talent you have displayed, I'll make you hangman-general.

First Cit. Where there's plenty of pay, and very little to do.

Giu. That's like most official situations; but, as to the one I've mentioned, as times go, [*Looks expressively at them all.*] I'm afraid it will require a good deal of active exertion.

Second Cit. Ay, ay, Giuseppe, as you're become a great man, now, we shall expect you to do something for us all, now.

Giu. Oh, ay, to be sure. In a rumpus like this, people are generally very anxious to do for one another. Give me some more wine; as my situation is raised, my spirits ought to be elevated. [*Drinks.*

Third Cit. Why, it's my belief, you've drank more wine to-day, Giuseppe, than ever you did in your life before; you used to be content with water.

Giu. I'll never swallow water again—and I'll take care that water shall never swallow me. I've lived upon water in more senses than one, and now I'll do what everybody can't, I'll cut the watery element.

First Cit. But, I say, boys, whilst we are carousing it here, our companions are feathering their nests, by plundering the houses of the nobility. Liberty and equality, I say.

Second Cit. Ay, where's the use of freedom, if you

can't make free with your neighbours' superfluous abundance?

Giu. Stop; I'm the greatest man of you all, and so am entitled to the largest share; I'm cousin to the deliverer of Naples, so I command you to deliver to me two thirds of all you can lay your hands on; and that's what I call an equitable and statesman-like distribution.

Cits. On, then, to the work.—Here's liberty, and equality, and plunder, for ever!

Giu. Masaniello for ever! and down with the Spaniards!

[*Exeunt Citizens,* R., *shouting—Giuseppe staggers after them, but falls, from intoxication, and falls asleep.*

Enter a SERGEANT, *and Party of the Viceroy's Soldiers,* L.

Ser. Ay, there don't seem much chance for us at present; the raggamuffins have it all their own way. If we could but meet with them in anything short of overwhelming numbers, we'd soon let them see what Spanish soldiers are. I hate this Neapolitan scum; I should like to string them up, till the trees were loaded with them; and, if I could but find that hang-dog, Masaniello, or any of his crew——

First Sol. [*Stumbling over Giuseppe.*] Hollo! who and what the devil have we here?

Second Sol. Drunk! I suppose one of the rabble, who has taken the liberty of enjoying himself.

Ser. [*Strikes Giuseppe.*] Come, rise, fellow!

Giu. [*Half asleep.*] Masaniello for ever, and down with the Spaniards!

Ser. Oh, you are one of that kidney, are you? I suspected as much. We'll soon contrive to raise you a little. [*Shaking him.*] Who and what the devil are you?

Giu. [*Rising, and partially recovering himself.*] Don't you know who I am? I am Giuseppe Aniello, cousin to the deliverer of Naples.

Ser. Oh, that's quite enough! one of the ringleaders: this is a prize, comrades!—We'll make an example of this fellow.

Giu. Take me for an example! that shows you're men of judgment; I am an example to all Naples.

Ser. So you will be, when you are hanging on the ramparts of the citadel.

Giu. [*Staring at the party, and perceiving who they are.*]

That's a soberer. [*Aside.*] Will you allow me to inquire what that last observation of your's was, sir?

Ser. Oh, yes; and you shall soon have a practical illustration of it. I said, what an example you would be for all rebellious dogs like yourself, when you were hanging out at the citadel.

Giu. [*Staring in stupid astonishment.*] Me hang out at the citadel! Lord bless you, you're quite mistaken; I hang out in Small-fry Court, near the Church of St. Agnes—you may see the little whitings on a string at the window.

Ser. Ah, we shall see something else on a string, presently.

First Sol. Yes; a great whit-ing—he looks pale enough.

Giu. I'm sure, gentlemen, there must be some strange misunderstanding, here; I am one of the most loyal men in all Naples.

Ser. Why, didn't you tell us, just now, that you were Guiseppe Aniello, cousin to that arch traitor, Masaniello?

Giu. Who—I—me—oh, dear! how very funny. Come, now, that's a charming joke of you.

Ser. So you'll think when you see the end of it.

[*Shows him a rope.*

Giu. A very nice rope, indeed—do for a painter to my new boat; but you a'nt serious.—Come, now, don't look so particular, because, you know, it's rather awkward. Come, I say, we're friends, an't we?

[*Offers his hand.*

Ser. [*Shakes his hand.*] Oh, yes; I bear no malice to a poor devil in his last moments; I'd never refuse to shake hands with a man going out of the world.

Giu. Out of the world! oh, ay; out of the great world into the country. I'll start off to-morrow, if my presence at Naples is disagreeable.

Ser. Come, come, there's no dallying here; bring him along! He said he was Giuseppe Aniello, and he cried Masaniello for ever, and down with the Spaniards!

Giu. I cry down with the Spaniards! Lord love you, that's the greatest mistake you ever made in your life. I love everything that's Spanish—I like Spanish wine, Spanish nuts, Spanish raisins, and Spanish liquorice.

Ser. Bring him along! bring him along! I'll swear he cried Masaniello for ever, and said he was his cousin.

Giu. [*Laughs.*] What a blunder !—I know what you mean, now ; I was dozing a little, and was just repeating to myself what I heard Guiseppe Aniello say—bless your heart ! I know the rascal very well—he's a damned cunning fellow, but no more like me than you are like a gentleman—[*On a demonstration of anger from the sergeant.*] —like a general, I meant to say ; he was here a little while ago, and I was thinking what damned impudence it was of him, and how I should like to serve him out for it, don't you see.

Ser. I think the fellow seems almost too good-humoured for a rebel. Here, fellow ! [*Hands him a horn of liquor.*] Drink, now, health to the Spaniards, and confusion to Masaniello.

Giu. With the greatest pleasure in life, sir ; proud to have had the honour of your acquaintance. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord ! how shall I manage it ? the words will stick in my throat.—Here's health to the Spaniards, and confusion to Masaniello—[*Aside.*]—'s enemies. And now, as you've behaved so handsomely, I've no objection to do something for you. What would you say if I were to take you to a spot where you may find Masaniello himself.

Ser. It were worth a thousand pistoles, so I don't mind giving you this purse of one hundred piastres.

Giu. Vastly generous, upon my soul ! and, if I don't put Masaniello into your hands, [*Aside.*] or you into his, [*Aloud.*] I'll give you leave to call me Giuseppe Aniello again, the next time you meet me. [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE IV.—*A Rocky Tract, near the Sea-shore—the entrance to a Cavern,* R.

Enter GIUSEPPE, *leading on the Soldiers and* SERGEANT, R.

Giu. Now, my lads, this is the spot ; for you must know that Aniello, besides being a fisherman, had no objection to do a trifling bit of smuggling when it came in his way. That cave was his storehouse ; and I have no doubt that it is, at this moment, stocked with choice spirits.

Ser. Now, then, we have him in a trap.

Giu. Stop, you had better let me go first, to see lest his party be too numerous for you.

Ser. Ay, do.

Giu. Yes ; but first the piastres, if you please.

Ser. Here they are. [*Gives him the purse—Giuseppe goes into the cave, and immediately fastens the entrance by a massive stone, moving on a spring.*] Holloa! what the devil does the fellow mean? Surely he's not tricked us.

Giu. [*Thrusting his head from a small aperture in the rock, concealed by brushwood.*] I've the pleasure of informing you that Masaniello is not here.

Ser. Traitor! thou yet shalt suffer for it—ready—present—fire! [*They fire at him.*

Giu. No, you didn't; but, if you really wish to see Masaniello, he's now marching to this spot, at the head of about two thousand armed men.

Ser. Then it's time for us to be off.

[*They run off in the utmost confusion,* R., *Giuseppe laughing at them.*

SCENE V.—*The Interior of Masaniello's Cottage.—The back closed in by a sail-cloth—a door on each side—a Chair and Table,* L.*—a rude Couch,* R.

MASANIELLO *discovered, seated,* L.,*—the* DUKE *of* MATALONI *and several of the principal inhabitants of Naples standing before him.*

Duke. (R. C.) My lord.

Mas. I despise that title.

Magistrate. Chief of the people.

Mas. Ay, their chief, their friend, their avenger. My reign will be short, but till the work of vengeance is accomplished, the people's wrongs redressed, whilst you exist I am still their commander—with your lives ends my authority.

Duke. From an infuriated mob we can look only for barbarous cruelty; from Masaniello's clemency we had expected succour.

Mas. You call on me, on one of the people, for mercy—tell me, when did one of your order ever show it unto them?

Mag. Our treasures we place at your disposal—our lives the only boon we ask.

Mas. Your treasures, foreigners, are ours by right; they have been wrung from the hard labours of our people—keep them—I took up arms to free my countrymen, not to rob their enemies.

Duke. I am loth to believe that he whose soul boasts so much magnanimity, can be devoid of mercy—do you spare our lives?

Mas. Had I been unsuccessful in this mighty work, and had become your prisoner, what would have been my fate? Would you have listened to my cries for mercy? Did a despairing wife, with a sad train of weeping children, in shrieking agony, implore your pity, would you have pardoned me? No, you would have spurned her heart-breathed supplications; before her enhorrored sight, you would have torn my frame with piercing tortures, till the excruciating torment forced from my breast such cries as should have drowned even her screams for pity, and you would have flung my lifeless carcass at her feet, before my orphaned babes. Dukes, princes, magistrates, go with your lives, the fisherman has pardoned you.

[*They bow submissively, and, confounded by his rebuke, hang their heads, and withdraw,* L. S. E.

Mas. [*Advancing.*] Yes, yes, 'tis time the ray benign of mercy gleamed athwart the gloomy storm of vengeance. Already do I shudder to behold the furious rage with which the citizens pursue their vengeance. But 'tis ever thus: it is the lash of slavery that first begets the tyrant in the soul—the tiger that has long endured the chain feels fiercer thirst of blood than he who freely roams his native woods; I, who for the noblest purposes have raised this mighty storm, must rule its fury, and direct its bolts as justice points and freedom's cause demands.

[*A bell and shouts heard without, accompanied by a discharge of fire-arms.*

Enter FENELLA, *with a tottering step, overcome with agitation,* L. U. E.

Mas. Sister, what means this fearful agitation? Are not thy wrongs avenged?

Fenella expresses the horror which the excesses of the people inspire in her, the slaughter, conflagration, and pillage, which rage on all sides.

Mas. Remember, my Fenella, how long this vast suffering population hath writhed beneath the scourge, and you will scarcely wonder that, now the whip is in their hands, they urge it smartly. But be appeased: thy brother stays the avenging hand—the sword of justice has returned again into its scabbard. Thou art oppressed and weary: endeavour in the peaceful slumber thy inno-

cence may claim, to lose the remembrance of horrors that shall no more afflict thee.

Fenella thanks him for his assurance, embraces him, and, retiring up, reposes on the couch, R.

Mas. May downy slumbers, like consoling angels, descend upon thy couch, and hover round thy head.

Enter PIETRO *and Fishermen,* L. U. E.

Mas. Now, what would my comrades?

Pie. We are deputed by the people of Naples.

Mas. What would they ask of their deliverer?

Pie. Vengeance.

Mas. Have they not had it?

Pie. The viceroy's son has hitherto eluded us; we have learned that his footsteps were directed hither. Justice and our safety require he should die.

Mas. Is it not enough our tyrants crouch beneath our feet: whilst they lie shrieking there for mercy, should we unpitying crush the lingering gasp of life from their prostrate bosoms.

Pie. (L. C.) The much-wronged people demand Alfonso's head.

Fenella, having heard their demand, expresses the most lively anxiety.

Mas. You long have viewed with horror the cruelty of tyrants, and for that crime you've punished them: would you now imitate their vices, or exceed them? I took up arms to liberate my country, not to hold a festival of blood—enough has flowed already. The man who lifts his arm to strike the blow of death, is henceforth an enemy to Masaniello.

Pie. Does Masaniello, then, betray the people?

Mas. Hush, my sister——

Pie. Sleeps.

Mas. I would not have her now disturbed.

Fenella has listened attentively to all that has passed; but, when Masaniello mentions her, she affects to sleep soundly.

Pie. Let us retire, then, where thou mayst hear the people's just demands, and measure to them justice.

Mas. Justice! awful name! To beings prone to err as sinful men, should that dread word be e'er pronounced, without exciting terror, unless 'tis coupled with the name of mercy.

[*Exeunt, Masaniello,* R. D., *Pietro and Fishermen,* L. D.

Fenella starts from her couch—she shudders with terror for Alfonso's safety—a knocking is heard at the door of the cottage, L.—*Fenella advances and hesitates—the knocking is renewed—she assumes resolution, and opens the door—the countenance of Alfonso meets her gaze—she turns away in horror, and hides her face in her hands.*

Enter ALFONSO *and* ELVIRA, *concealed by a mantle and black veil,* L.

Alf. (C.) Save, save us, I implore you. The infuriated multitude pursue us with yells of deadliest vengeance. Merciful heaven! whom do I behold? This, this is retribution—my fate depends on thee.

Fenella, R., *assures him that crime will never escape unpunished, and reproaches him with his treason to her.*

Alf. Thou need'st no tongue to tell thy wrongs, nor need thy speaking eyes thus flash reproaches, now heaven has placed revenge within thy grasp: the blood-hounds are upon our track, and at thy call, Alfonso's traitorous heart, plucked from his breast, may lie a bleeding trophy at thy feet.

Fenella places her finger on her mouth, indicating that he should keep silent—she then drags him to the opposite side of the cottage from that where her brother is.

Alf. Alfonso scorns to ask his life of friend or foe; but here is one for whose security my very soul is pledged: if thy wrongs demand a sacrifice, my heart's best blood I freely yield; but, oh! let kindred softness sway thy breast in favour of a trembling woman's fate, and rescue her who never harmed a worm.

Fenella rushes towards Elvira, L., *tears open her veil and mantle, and, on recognising her, starts back in horror.*

Elv. No, no; not me. Fenella, save my husband.

Fenella's jealousy, for a moment, masters every better feeling—she would have saved Alfonso, but her broken heart requires her rival's death. She is about to call forth Masaniello and his companions.

Elv. [*Restraining her.*] You would betray us? Woman, remember 'tis she who should have been your queen, who now implores of you a refuge.

Fenella is agitated by contending emotions of vengeance and pity—she stands between Alfonso and Elvira, alternately gazing at them.

Alf. End this torture of suspense; be our deliverer or our executioner; but remember, your wrongs have been

from me alone—she has the claims of a sister and a sovereign.

Fenella's generosity triumphs, after a moment's conflict—she seizes the hand of each, and swears to save or perish with them. A noise is heard: ere Fenella can decide on any measure to conceal them.

Enter MASANIELLO, R. D.—ALFONSO *crosses to* L., *and draws his sword.*

Mas. (R.) A stranger here! What would you of the fisherman? [*Crosses to* L.

Fenella explains to him that they are seeking refuge from the fury of the populace, and that she has promised them an asylum.

Alf. [*Crossing to* R.] We seek a refuge from the savage fury of the relentless multitude.

Mas. You shall have it; here, strangers, you are safe; not your sword, sir, but the sacred shield of hospitality, is your protection.

Fenella expresses exultation, and assures them that they ar quite secure now her brother has promised his protection.

Re-enter PIETRO, BORELLA, *the Fishermen, and other Citizens,* L.

Pie. The late authorities of Naples, conducted by the citizens, come to lay at the feet of their deliverer the ensigns of their authority, and the keys of the city. [*Perceiving Alfonso.*] Fate has delivered him into our hands! Behold the viceroy's son. [CHORD.

Mas. Can that be true, Pietro?

Pie. He stands before you.

Mas. Now, then, Fenella, thy wrongs shall be avenged.

Pie. (L.) Yes, his blood, his blood alone can appease our just resentment.

Alf. (R.) Murderers! approach! and, if your numbers are not afraid to brave one true knight's sword, first earn your savage conquest, then enjoy it.

[*Alfonso stands on the defensive—Pietro and his companions are rushing on him with their poniards, when Fenella throws herself between them.*

Fenella seizes the arm of her brother, reminds him that he has before granted the sacred rites of hospitality, and of the dishonour which would accrue to him from suffering any harm to befall his guests under his roof.

Mas. (C.) 'Tis true, justice and vengeance both de-

mand his death; but he has trusted to the hospitality of Masaniello, and his confidence shall not be disappointed: honour forbids the blow, and he who is deaf to honour's sacred call cannot be worthy of his country's approbation. Respect his life—Masaniello has pronounced his pardon.

Pie. His life, by right, is ours: the people will have vengeance.

Mas. Silence, rebellious murmurer! the deliverer has absolved him.

Pie. Art thou, too, become our tyrant?

Mas. Monster! thou wouldst become a tyrant to destroy. If I am a tyrant, it is to save. [*To Alfonso and Elvira.*] Fear nothing, you have the word of Masaniello. Borella, in my bark, conduct them to the convent of St. Rosalia; your own life answers for their safe conveyance.

Pie. & Mob. Down with the tyrant's son; we will have vengeance.

[*As Borella is conducting Alfonso and Elvira towards the back, Pietro and his gang rush on them.*

Mas. [*Seizing an axe, and covering their retreat.*] Whoever moves a hostile step towards them, shall feel the strength of Masaniello's arm—shall feel that he who dared to seize upon authority has strength and courage to maintain it.

[*Pietro and the People shrink back.—Exeunt Alfonso and Elvira; they kiss Masaniello's hand as they are conducted out by Borella,* C. F.—*Fenella takes leave of her companions, and expresses exultation.—The sail-cloth,* C. F., *is removed, and discovers the Quay and Mole of Naples, the sea in the back, by moonlight; heaps of spoil and plunder, dead bodies, &c., strew the space, and the expiring light of the conflagration partially illumines the scene.*

Enter the Magistrates and principal Inhabitants of Naples, C F.; *they approach in procession, and lay the keys at the feet of* MASANIELLO—*he is invested with a magnificent robe of state, and invited to mount a splendidly-caparisoned charger, which is led in for him,* C. F.

Mas. Adieu, peaceful home; adieu, abode of labour and comfort! Can I expect to taste, within the gilded walls of palaces, the tranquil joys that used to hover here. But be it glory, sorrow, death, to which I am called, I cheerfully encounter it, more than paid by the

proud titles of freedom's champion, the deliverer of my country! [*He mounts the horse—the people do him homage—Pietro and his party, aside, threaten him with vengeance.*

Fenella, anxiously observing them, seems to implore heaven for the safety of her brother; Masaniello's fishing-boat, with Borella, Alfonso, and Elvira, is seen in the back.

CHORUS.

Let laurels crown the people's chief,
Who freedom to his country brings,
For all their woes affords relief,
And sits above enthroned kings.
Their tears he turns to drops of joy,
Their tyrants' fall his first decree;
Bestows that ore without alloy,
The golden blessing, liberty.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Ante-Chamber of the Vice-Regal Palace, opening by folding-doors,* C. F.

PIETRO *and several Citizens discovered carousing,* R. *and* L.—*Dance.*

First Cit. Hast taken any measures to rid us of our new tyrant?

Pie. Trust me, the wine he so gayly quaffs will soon emancipate us from his control.

Enter BORELLA, *hastily,* C. D.

Pie. How now, Borella? Can deep draughts of the ruby grape cause such a mortal palor on thy front?

Bor. I've seen a sight may well drive back the blood from our exulting cheeks, and spread the pallid hue of abject fear: ten thousand German troops, the viceroy at their head, are landed fresh from Sicily, and hither march, resolved on quick annihilation of all who breathe of freedom.

Pie. May the curses of a long-suffering people overwhelm them.

Bor. Heaven itself frowns stern disapprobation on our liberty: the gloomy murmurings from dread Vesuvius announce a terrible outpouring of exterminating wrath.

First Cit. What now shall save us?

Bor. The terrified and panic-stricken citizens are paralyzed by coward apprehension, and already crouch and tremble at the coming yoke.

First Cit. Masaniello, the deliverer, alone can rescue us.

All. Ay, ay, Masaniello shall yet defend us; with him we can brave every danger.

Bor. You must no longer hope for his assistance.

First Cit. How, is our deliverer dead?

Bor. He yet exists—but, ah! a fearful phrenzy has chased reason from her throne; and now, to every call he answers but by maniac ravings.

Pie. 'Tis heaven, in wrath at his presumption, that hath thus smitten him.

First Cit. Wretched Pietro, should our deliverer perish, thy life shall answer it.

Pie. Ere he expires, returning reason shall enable him to strike one last great blow for freedom, and so to fall with glory.

[*The folding-doors,* C.F., *are thrown open into a splendid banqueting-room, brilliantly illuminated.*

MASANIELLO *discovered,* C., *superbly attired, his dress in disorder.*

Mas. [*In a state of mental aberration.*] Blood! yes, yes, more blood must flow. Why sheathe ye so soon your reeking blades? why yet extinguish the devouring flame? Let it burn, let it burn, till all their bones are dust and ashes.

Pie. Friend! leader! comrade! be thyself—we need thy aid.

Mas. Softly, good fisher; silent and peacefully throw thy baited net, and we shall catch them there—soft and silent.

Cit. Naples calls on thee to work her rescue.

Mas. Ay, ay, we shall catch them – a glorious draught. Come hither, and I'll tell thee: a hundred thousand snares are set to trap my soul, but I defy them all. Heaven itself defends the deliverer of Naples.

Pie. Knowest thou the danger that snatches us? Swift destruction, like a storm-charged cloud, now lowers over us, and in a moment its desolating fury will fall awfully upon us.

Mas. Ay, ay, we will forth to our labour—the sun

shines cheerily; let us sing our wonted barcarole, and heaven will bless the draught.

First Cit. While thus he raves, our ruin is accomplished.

Mas. Just as the waves float on yon little bark, so time's vast eddy swallows all our joys.

Enter FENELLA, *hastily,* L. U. E.—*she rushes across to Masaniello, and explains that the enemy's force is advancing in good order—that the terrified citizens fly before them—she drags him to a window, and impressively points out to him what is passing without.*

Mas. [*Partially recovering, and embracing Fenella.*] Fenella, sweetest sister! what thus agitates thee? what causes thy fond heart to throb thus high with terror?

Bor. Our Spanish tyrants—let that word arouse thee.

Mas. Who dares to breathe that sound? The deliverer has crushed the very name of Spaniard.

Pie. Look yonder, and behold their well-trained legions advancing to destroy us—hear their triumphant march, their loud-exulting shouts; behold thy people crouching at their feet! And see the executioner prepare his axe for Masaniello's head.

Mas. Base slave, thou liest! There is a halo of bright glory shedding its radiance round the deliverer's head, shall flash the foes of freedom into nothing! This arm, by heaven's appointment, wields the sword of justice! it gleams aloft unsheathed; nor shall it rest inactive in the scabbard, whilst the name of tyrant survives to blast the earth!

Bor. On, on, then, to deliver us; a moment more, and Naples groans again beneath the Spanish despots' yoke.

Mas. Yes, yes, I will lead you—your deliverer again shall lead to victory and freedom. On, on—my horses' hoofs shall be dyed deep in gore! avenging flames shall out-glow great Vesuvius! stern desolation shall stalk forth, unthralled! and all that breathes of Spain or tyranny shall be hurled down the steep abyss of its own yawning native hell! On, on, once more, for freedom! Masaniello, the deliverer, leads you on.

[*Exit wildly,* L. U. E., *the People cheering and following him.*

Fenella, for a few moments, follows her Brother with her eyes—then, sinking on her knees, seems to implore heaven for his safety—she has nothing to ask for herself, her every hope has been destroyed by the faithlessness of her lover, and despair alone

remains for her—she contemplates the scarf that Alfonso gave her —she unties it, and is about to cast it from her—she cannot summon resolution, but passionately kisses it—hearing some one coming, she anxiously conceals it in her bosom.

Enter ELVIRA, *in great alarm,* R. S. E.

Elv. [*Advancing.*] How, our preserver here! why dost thou linger in a spot that soon will be the scene of all those horrors raging now without. The citizens and soldiery vie with each other, in murderous cruelty; nor age nor sex is spared, and one wide carnage threatens to devour all that of life remains in this devoted city.

Fenella expresses that she has nothing to fear; that all places are alike to her.

Enter ALFONSO, *hastily,* L.

Alf. Haste, haste! nor tarry here, where man's fell cruelty and heaven's wrath alike bring swift annihilation. Fenella and Elvira here!—hence, with me! How, in a time so big with awful horrors, can I better fulfil the duty of a man, than by endeavouring to save innocent and helpless woman.

[*He hurries them off,* R. S. E.—*the shouts of the people, the firing of artillery, and the sound of alarum-bells, are heard, whilst the conflagration of the city, and the commencing eruption of the volcano, shed a crimson glare around.*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of Briella's Cottage.*

Enter BRIELLA, R.

Bri. Dear me, when will these troubled times be over! I do wish things were settled, one way or another; for these tumults have lasted so long, and it's such a time since my husband spent a whole night in his bed, that I'm quite sick and tired of it. [*Knocking at the door,* L. F.] Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what's that? I'm kept in such a fever, that every trifle brings my heart to my mouth. [*Knocking repeated.*] I suppose it's of no use to refuse opening the door; for, in times like these, they'd think nothing of breaking it open. [*She opens the door.*

Enter GIUSEPPE, *in the utmost alarm,* L. D. F.

Bri. Well, friend, what do you want?

Giu. I want a skinful of whole bones, if I can possibly be accommodated; but, in such an uproar as this is,

it is what few people can boast of.—Oh, I see you're a woman.

Bri. Well, fellow, and would you take advantage of my weakness?

Giu. Yes—the weakness, or rather the tenderness, of your heart. You are a compassionate angel—I am a poor devil, hunted through the streets by the Viceroy's soldiers; and, unless you take pity on me, and shelter me, I shall be mumped up like a fried flounder.

Bri. But what can I do with you?

Giu. Do what you like, so as you do but prevent the abominable Spaniards from doing what they like with me; they're all over the town, bobbing for us, like eels. Save me, and I'll supply you with mackarel, all summer, and sprats all winter, free gratis for nothing, besides a taste of shrimps at Easter, and fresh herrings at Michaelmas.

Bri. But my husband is a Spaniard, [*Looks out at the window.*] and, as I'm an honest woman, here he comes.

Giu. Then here I go. [*Attempting to get into a corner cupboard,* R.

Bri. What, into that cupboard, along with all my crockery; consider what a smash you'll make there.

Giu. And consider what a smash they'll make here, [*Pointing to his head.*] if I don't—mum's the word; I'll pay for all I break, if I sell my herring-boat.

[*He shuts himself into the cupboard,* R.

Bri. Well, I've heard of cupboard lovers, but never before exactly understood the meaning of it.

Enter the SERGEANT, L. D. F.

Ser. Come, wife, stir and bustle; the whole town's in an uproar: Masaniello is reported to be poisoned, the German troops are pouring into the town, and the rebels flying in all directions; so give me a hasty snack, for I must return to my duty.

[*She gives him a chair, and brings forward a table.*

Bri. [*Sitting,* C.] Duty, indeed! I wonder when this duty abroad will be ended, for I'm sure of late you have paid very little attention to your duty at home.

Ser. I'm the state's servant, as well as your's, and I think you'll kill me, betwixt you. We shall have rare warm work to-night: our orders are to kill, without mercy, every body of Masaniello's party. [*Giuseppe trembles violently in the cupboard, which shakes the crockery.*] Why,

what the devil's shaking the crockery in that cupboard?

Bri. I believe it's only the rats—they have swarmed in that cupboard this day or two.

Ser. Well, now, it's very odd that I've always observed, in time of political differences, that rats are very plentiful and very annoying. They do say, Vesuvius threatens an eruption; and that is generally attended by some symptoms of an earthquake.

Bri. [*Aside.*] Ah! but it's a man-quake that shakes that cupboard

Ser. If any of Masaniello's family are taken alive, they are to be broken on the wheel.

[*The violent agitation of Giuseppe occasions the cupboard to fall with a considerable crash.*

Bri. Mercy upon us! this is an eruption, indeed! There's all my best China gone to smash.

Ser. Ah, like Masaniello's royalty! However, if I meet with any of his tribe, the reward will pay for new crockery.

Bri. [*Trying to raise the cupboard.*] Well, I can't move it, for the life of me.

Ser. Then I'll lend you a hand. [*He assists her to raise the cupboard—Giuseppe's weight forces open the door, and he rolls upon the ground.*] Oh, oh, a man in the cupboard! Oh, wife, wife! what have you been doing?

Giu. [*Rising.*] Nothing at all; I got in myself, without her consent, upon my word.

Bri. By heaven! the monster has broken all my teacups.

Ser. Yes; and cracked your reputation, into the bargain! As I'm a living man, it's the very rascal that tricked me before, and whom I verily believe to be the cousin of Masaniello. Oh, I've caught a prize!

Giu. Yes; and I've caught a tartar: I've had my head broken with jugs and punchbowls, and am now to have my body smashed upon a wheel.

Bri. Serve you right, for smashing my best china.

Ser. Yes, rascal, your time is come; now I'll have back the one hundred piastres you cheated me out of.

Giu. Bless you, I was honest enough to pay my washerwoman with them.

Ser. [*Dragging him along.*] I'll have a thousand pistoles for taking you; so come along.

[*Shots and shouting heard without—a few Soldiers rush in, fol-*

lowed by a Mob—the Sergeant rallies them, a conflict ensues, and Giuseppe escapes, whilst they fight off, R. *and* L., *followed by Briella, in anxiety for her husband.*

SCENE III.—*An Open View of the Bay, bordering upon Portici and Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius —a grand view of the Volcano, emitting smoke and fire —the Lava beginning to flow into the Sea—a very elevated Terrace, ascended by a staircase,* R.

Enter ELVIRA, R., *in wild alarm, amidst the shouts of the people, and the noise of the conflict, which is heard on every side.*

Elv. Separated in this scene of horror from my lord and husband, who now shall save the hapless lost Elvira! and, oh! to perish by the brutal hands of the wild raging populace—my soul shrinks from this agony of terror!

Enter a FURIOUS ARMED MOB, L.

First Cit. That is the young viceroy's tinselled bride, meet victim of our fury; down with her! tear her piecemeal!

Elv. [*Throwing herself on her knees.*] Mercy, mercy, I implore you, on a helpless woman.

Second Cit. We will have her blood, her blood! down with her!

First Cit. We have no satisfaction left but vengeance!

Enter MASANIELLO, L.

Mas. [*Rushing in between them with a drawn sword.*] Cowards and slaves! poor soulless recreants! who would poison the pure air of freedom with your base, infected aspirations; you fly, treacherously, meanly fly, before your armed foe, and would dare to wreak your brutal abject cruelty upon a woman. And these are they for whom Masaniello has watched, and toiled, and bled! Tremble, foul miscreants, before this single arm! for breathe again one thought of harm against this helpless female, and this good steel shall scatter you like chaff before the whirlwind of my wrath.

First Cit. Masaniello can no more deliver us; he shall not now deprive us of our vengeance! Down with him, down with Masaniello!

[*Masaniello stands in a protecting attitude before Elvira—the people fire, and Masaniello falls.*

Fenella hurries in, and throws herself upon his body.

Enter ALFONSO, *with a strong body of troops; he snatches Elvira to his arms; the troops form, present their pieces, and Mob lay down their arms.*

Mas. [*Raised a little in Fenella's arms.*] From you, from you, Tomaso meets his death; and it is well, for he was mad enough to think that liberty could take into her ranks those whose abject souls stamps them eternally base slaves. Your freedom is debauchery, plunder, and murder; your justice, petty and remorseless vengeance; your very vital air is crime; your portion, menial drudgery; the curse of your own vices be upon you, for never can fair liberty unfold her banner, but where bright virtue stands to uphold the sacred standard, armed with the radiant blade of justice to defend it.

[*He embraces Fenella, and gradually sinks in death. Fenella utters a wild shriek, and throws herself upon the body. Alfonso and Elvira gently raise her—she gazes mournfully upon her brother's corse; then beholding Alfonso with Elvira, she seems for a moment painfully agitated—she solemnly approaches him, kisses his forehead, throws the scarf over his shoulder, places his hand in Elvira's, implores of heaven to bless them, then rushes swiftly to the terrace.—The eruption has made rapid progress—the crater of the volcano emits torrents of flame and smoke—forked lightnings rend the sky in every direction—Fenella contemplates the awful spectacle for a moment, then plunges into the sea.—A terrific explosion ensues from the mountain, the lava impetuously flows down its side, and extends itself into the sea.—The people, awe-struck, bend in submission to the will of heaven, and the curtain slowly descends.*

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